HERALD OF FREEDOM.

"I enter into no compromise with Slavery. I am for Justice, in the name of Humanity, and according to the Law of the Living God."

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JOHN R. FRENCH, PRINTER.

Herald of Freedom.

Church Doings at Campton.

BOSTON, January 1, 1843.

Brother Rogers:—Thinking that I might assist in undeceiving the public mind, in regard to the character of those organizations styled churches, and show, that while they reject and disobey the requirements of Christ and fellowship drunkenness, slavery and war, with other vices, they are not of Christ but of Anti-Christ, and like so many Maelstroms ready to swallow up every thing that comes within their reach, and that the clergy are blind guides teaching for doctrines the commandments of men, and like an "ignisfatuus" are playing around the mouths of these moral whirlpools, deluding and leading credulous souls into corruption and sin; I transmit to you an account of my trial with the church of Campton. I do it for the good of the world and the advancement of Christ's kingdom. I do not deny but that there have been, and still may be some christians in these churches. It is proved to be so by individuals coming out from them and embracing the principles of righteousness. They have in times past sinned ignorantly. And the "times of this ignorance God winked at, but now he commandeth all men every where to repent." So the time has come or is coming, when they who sin must sin wilfully.

On the 10th of last November. I called upon Doc. J. W. Kimball and had a long discussion upon non-resistance. As I was about leaving, he said, he lamented very much that I had embraced such doctrines which, he believed, had led me into other errors, such as, withdrawing fellowship from the church &c. Well, said I, Br. Kimball, if brethren believe that we (non-resistants,) are as bad as they say we are—that we have gone after another gospel and embraced infidel sentiments, I consider them destitute of christian love, or verily guilty for neglect of duty, in not endeavoring to convince us of our errors and reclaim us, but instead, had circulated false reports to destroy our characters and influence.

You can better imagine how he felt and looked than I can describe. He knew that he and they were guilty of unfaithfulness, malice and slander. But in a moment he said, "I don't know but that I shall feel it my duty to consider this the first step." He then acknowledged that they had neglected their duty. It had been 15 months since about 30 of us had left, after we had labored with them from four to five months, week after week, on account of the abominable wicked and unscriptural course they took to destroy Br. Beach. He then asked, when I would go before the church? I answered whenever other duties did not prevent. I should rejoice to stand before the church and the world too, and maintain my position and defend the doctrines I had embraced. But I was expecting to leave town the next week and should be engaged, so that I could not meet them then, and I should be absent a number of months. Well upon the whole, he said, he thought it better to call one or two brethren to take the second step, and then they should prepare to bring me before the church whenever I came into town. They had the second interview and as I did not leave town, they appointed a meeting and I went before them. The charges against me were read, the second step attested to, then I was called upon to answer to them or to plead guilty—or not guilty.

Charges.—"He has for a long time absented himself from the sacramental communions of the church, and from the house of God on the Sabbath, and withdrawing fellowship from the church, in violation of his solemn covenant engagements." I acknowledged that I had left them, but denied that I had forsaken the house or worship of God. We are to worship Him in spirit and in truth, and may do it as well in one place as another. I covenanted to walk with them in the "ordinances and duties of the gospel." They had forsaken them. They had rejected the fundamental principles of christianity—thus, they are covenant breakers, and if I should fellowship them, I should violate my covenant engagements with God, therefore, I was bound to leave them. Their pastor, Charles Shedd said, it was wrong to leave a church because it was corrupt. Its members are corrupt, so that must be. They can't be perfect—can't arrive at the truth even guided by the Holy Spirit. Why, said he, the apostle said, they shall ever learn and never be able to come to the knowledge of the truth." I took my testament and read the passage he quoted, (2 Tim. 3, 7.) to show how the apostle used it, but he applied it to christians, very consistently with the doctrine the clergy have taught the people (they must sin,) to accommodate themselves, while they live in sin and advocate error. Here, I would ask Mr. Shedd, if he remembers the promise, that the Spirit shall guide us into all truth?

He said it was impossible to bring a charge against a church. I asked him of the course Martin Luther took with the Catholic church and if he did not approve of it. Oh, said he, that's another thing—that was the Roman Catholic church—it was corrupt. But all that founded their doctrine of salvation or the atonement of Christ are evangelical—they are the churches of Christ, and againts such its impossible to bring a charge. But, said I, the catholics founded their doctrine of salvation upon the atonement of Christ.

No they don't, said Mr. Shedd. Oh yes they do. No they don't, they pray to the Virgin Mary. Yes, I said, but as the mother of Christ. No, he said, they believe the pope can forgive sin. I grant it, said I, they pretend that he is the vicegerent of God and the vicar of Christ and that he has received power to forgive sins in His name. By this time he had heard enough, and cried out, *stop*, I ain't going to have popery advocated here. Said I. I am not advocating popery. I consider that, with all other sectarian churches, corrupt and a system of abomination, and my duty is to come out from them and be separate—I contended the principle of governing by majorities was wicked, as they were liable to expel the most devoted and worthy, or shield error and sin, just as the character of the majority might be—that the "spiritual minded" should restore the erring brother. Mr. Shedd said a church was formed to receive a labor, let it come which way it would—I contended too, that the clergy had worshiped authority and the church had wickedly submitted. But they thought it was all right as they were willing, and that if any one interfered with that authority, it would be right for the church to drag the man out of doors. The church and clergy reject the examples and teachings of Christ and the apostles, and forbid all, the right to preach in obedience to the great command, except the licensed and ordained, unless they go where they can worship freely by themselves, and then they denounce them as infidels. In connection with this point, Maj. J. Pulsifer said a certain person who gave an account in the Herald, of their dragging Mr. Beach out of the meeting house there, made a false statement. Br. E. C. Rogers was the individual and was present. He attempted to explain what he wrote and meant. Mr. Shedd ordered him to stop—he was not a member of the church.—Rogers went on—Shedd became boisterous and smote the old pew with his fist, stamped on the floor and commanded silence like any other pedagogue, and roared out—"Brethren, what shall we do?" Br. Wm. Rogers (member but has withdrawn,) moved, that all not members be requested to withdraw. The vote passed. Shedd then said, he hoped those individuals would retire. I asked, is Mr. Shedd a member. They were in a dilemma, I tell you, and began to plead for the poor priest. He said, they did not mean him. No, they did not mean him. Well, said I, in substance, it is not my wish that he should withdraw. I should rejoice, that not only he, but the whole should be present. Br. R. has the same right here as Mr. Shedd. It is his right and duty to preach the gospel and defend himself from the attacks of malignant slander, as much as that of Mr. Shedd. I wished them to see their inconsistency, while they forbid one brother to be present because not a member, another not a member was permitted to *preside* and *dictate*. Here, again he stormed and commanded silence. And well I might keep silence, for he made so much noise, I could not be heard. I asked them, if they believed that what they did, as a church, would be ratified in heaven, as we learn from the declaration of our Saviour, that what is done agreeably to His rule in Matt. 18, and in accordance with the dictates of the Holy Spirit, will be? Oh no, they did not pretend to decide as to the character of the individual, they admitted he might be a christian. Then, I asked, can God possibly smile on that creed which separated christians, and that rule of the church which compels them to cut off christians from the church of Christ, if this is such? Why, they didn't know, but, as that was the rule they must work by it. So the day passed away. I felt calm and enjoyed my mind serenely and rejoiced in the privilege granted me, but no thanks to them,—I should have had it long ago. A few days since, I received their "bull." It is too long to quote verbatim. I'll use the form and give the substance of every period.

CAMPTON, Dec. 12. 1842.

To Walter W. Baker:—At a meeting of the congregational church in this place Nov. 21. 1842, you were present to answer to charges previously brought against you." Charges. "You acknowledged" their "truth." You had "liberty to make good your cause in self defense." At another meeting, "Nov 28, a committee was appointed to visit you, if possible you might return." At a still later meeting, Dec. 5, the church "came to the solemn determination to sever you from the communion of Christ's visible church, until you should give evidence of repentance. In discharge of our duty by appointment of the church, we communicate to you the solemn part of your excommunication. May your repentance be speedy, that your influence may be salutary and your spirit be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus." * * *

CHARLES SHEDD, Moderator.
JOHN W. KIMBALL, Clerk."

Brother, I rejoice that I am free from that body. And I would advise them to go on and cut off the remaining brethren and sisters who have left them. There are about 25 or more yet for them to deal with. They left on account of the course the church took with Br. Beach. They considered him innocent of the crimes charged to him, and do still. The greater part of them are now non-resistants and are engaged in all the great moral reforms of the day. One beloved friend has written me, that some of the church begin to regret that they have taken the course they have, and see that some of their rules are wrong, so that, probably when they are done with those who have already left, they will have others to discipline. I should think they would faint and lament their fate.

They need not weep for us, but for themselves and children. They cannot cut us off from the church of Christ, but themselves they can. All they have done to me, I forgive. Those grey headed brethren I forgive, and entreat them not to reject and scoff and ridicule the doctrines which Jesus taught, longer. They stand upon the borders of eternity, about ready to launch and meet Him whom they persecute. I warn and beseech them and all, to repent, to embrace the principles of peace and righteousness, remembering that he who heareth and doeth not the sayings of Christ is likened to a foolish man that builded his house upon the sand, and that not every one that saith Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of our Father in heaven—and to receive Jesus for their "Judge, Lawgiver and King," that they *may* receive the benefits of that forgiveness which He has freely purchased, and that they may meet Him whom they have endeavored to destroy, but yet acknowledge to be a christian, and that they have formed nothing that will implicate his christian character,—yes, meet all those they now despise, where brethren no longer fight—where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Yours for liberty and truth.
WALTER W. BAKER.

Free speech, and a fair field to all, and "God speed the right."—ED'R.

NEWBURYPORT, January 14, 1843.

Brother Rogers: I notice in the Herald of Jan. 6, a communication from Br. Sweat of Georgetown, in which he says that he is at a loss to know what the so called abolitionists of Newburyport have come out from, for the proslavery spirit still remains among them. He says "on entering the hall, I perceived a Second Advent picture back of the desk, representing all manner of four footed beasts and creeping things, with here and there a second advent tract, called "A voice of warning." Now I would ask Brother Sweat if it is contrary to his idea of freedom for a brother in a free meeting if he is so disposed to hang up a Second Advent picture or to distribute a Second Advent tract. If so, he must have a strange idea of what constitutes a free meeting, and such as I shall by no means fall in with. He says again "they were not so fond of warning after all, for when I rose to tell them to beware how they supported a religion which upholds, slavery &c. it seemed to strike them unfavorably: the priesthood are not so bad after all. Mr. Dimmick is quite benevolent, Mr. Withington is quite a decent man.' Here I would just remark that the exhortation was gratuitous altogether, and uncalled for, as we are most of us suspended members because we could not fellowship the churches to which we belonged. In the course of his remarks he manifested such a bitter and reckless spirit, that none of the whole congregatinn could approve of the sentiments which he advanced. He commenced by saying, "some people call me a hair brained fanatic," which we soon found to be the case for such a speech I never heard before, and never expect to hear again. In speaking of the ministers, for he confined his remarks in general to them, he said, "they are a set of lazy fellows living upon their fat salaries, who would spurn a poor beggar from their door." I would sooner continued he, go to the lowest place in perdition to ask alms than to one of them. Here he was interrupted by a member of the Universalist society who was never at our meeting before, who said that was false, for he lived close by a minister (Mr. Withington) who was very liberal to the poor. And here I would say that for more than three years, I was a member of Mr. Withington's church, and though I was nearly starved to death, in spiritual things, yet he was always ready to deal his bread to the hungry, and when he saw the naked to clothe him. There seems to be a disposition in the writers for the Herald generally, to make a minister's very virtues crimes, and their characters blacker than that of the devil himself. Let me urge upon such the consideration of the exhortation of the Apostle "let brotherly love continue, and also the two great commands on which hang all the law and the prophets." Again he says "I advise these come outers to take down that second advent picture and get a representation of their native town, with the abode of humanity in front of the grave yard, and last, not least that group of hovels called Guinea, the abode of their colored brethren under the hill, in all respect consistant," &c. Here is an insinuation such as a *real* friend of man would not make. In regard to brother Beach's treatment by us, when he was in jail, I refer your readers to himself. In regard to our colored brethren I would say that they were comfortably situated, and we have tried to identify ourselves with them by holding meetings at their school-house, but they were not disposed to attend, and we were obliged to discontinue them on that account; yet we make it a point to identify ourselves with them in every possible way. After brother Sweat had finished what he had to say, I rose and said I should like to read a few verses from the 5th Chapter of Matt. beginning at the 43d verse "Ye have heard it said thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy, but I say unto you love your enemy," &c. While I was reading the individual above referred to from the Universalist Society, remarked that was very different language from that of brother Swear. I replied to the law and the testimony, if they speak not according to this word there is no light in them. I was followed by Br. Richard Plummer who said he had no fellowship for the remarks of brother Sweat, and he did wish that those who professed to be the followers of Christ would show his spirit, for we could not expect to convince others of sin unless we exhibit the spirit of Christ ourselves.

As friend Sweat wished us to declare what we had come out from, I would say in the 1st place, we have come out of the Churches, because they professed to be the children of God but in works deny him. In the 2d place, we have come out from sectarianism, for we are willing every one should enjoy his own opinion, while at the same time we will use every means in our power to convince those who honestly differ from us, keeping our own minds always open to conviction from others. 3d, we come out from intemperate denunciation, "for the weapons of our warfare are not carnal but spiritual," see 6th Chap. Eph. And 4th while we admire the Anti-Slavery zeal manifested by our brethren in New Hampshire, we come out from their theology, as we do from the theology of Andover, believing them both to be contrary to the spirit and teaching of Christ. And lastly we come out from all sin, believing that the more we are conformed to God in holiness the greater will be our moral power. Two verses which I have lately met with in an old collection, will well express our feelings.

Lord pity out-casts, vile and base,
The poor dependants on thy grace,
Whom men disturbers call;
By sinner and by saint withstood—
For these too bad, for those too good,
Condemn'd and shun'd by all.

Though faithful Abraham us reject,
And though his ransomed race, elect,
Agree to give us up,
Thou art our Father, and Thy name,
From everlasting is the same,
On that we build our hope.
"Thine for the truth,"
LEONARD PLUMER.

The capital letter following is from a regular bred divine, but with too much character and integrity to abide in the sorcerer's trade. He is a sacerdotal "Comecuter." He understands clerical Freemasonry.—ED'R.

FIVE CORNERS,
Cayuga Co., N. Y., Jan. 22, 1843.

Brother Rogers: The persecuting spirit of Anti-Christ is showing itself in a small branch of the Upas tree, Sectarianism, out here at Five Corners, Cayuga Co. Dea. John Corwin is imprisoned in a felon's cell in the County Jail, for free Speech in defense of the principles of Christianity. About a year ago, he made himself obnoxious to the sect, by withdrawing from the compact. Since that time, he has embraced many opportunities both in the private and public meetings of the synagogue to expose the corruption of their religion, and that of the whole system of organized sectarianism, of which they form a part and parcel. He has charged upon them the sin of building Presbyterian *pens* in Christ's pasture, and sowing the seeds of Sectarian jealousy and hatred among the people—with sustaining man-butchery, by defending and cultivating the art of war, and thanking God for the *Revolution*;—with sustaining Slavery, by their ecclesiastical union with man-thieves, and by voting for slaveholders and their abettors—with their gross inconsistency and hypocrisy by expressing great anxiety for the *impenitent*,* as they term those who have never been whipped into the enclosure of any Sect, while their own hearts are as unrelenting as a "nether millstone" in view of their own most flagrant violations of Christ's commands—with affecting to hate sin, and then, in their heartless prayers, mocking the Almighty, by striving to outdo one another in the multitude of their confessions, "both of sins of omission and sins of commission," and of their known and constant transgressions of God's law in thought word and deed.

Br. Corwin has always commenced speaking in their meetings, when no one else was occupying the time. It is evident, it was not the *manner* of his speaking, but the *matter* which disturbed their meetings; he rebuked their sins and tore off the mask of their hypocrisy. This they could not endure—"it is not fit that such a man should live." His crowning offence was committed last Sunday—the day for the *holy* sacrament. The church was requested to tarry after the close of the forenoon *performance*, to attend to certain business, but it seems, that whatever business was anticipated, it was not brought forward. After waiting sometime and some beginning to leave the house, Br. Corwin arose and began to read a portion of Scripture. This disturbed them most shockingly! it set a spirit of prayer at work in them all at once;—just at that moment it occurred to them that they would have a season of prayer. An Elderly Deacon jumped up, in great purterbation of mind and designated an individual to lead, who at the beck of his master fell upon his knees and commenced praying. Br. Corwin still continued reading despite the *mob-prayer* of the Church. The meeting has frequently tried to mob him down by *singing*, but never to my knowledge, have they attempted a *prayer-mob* before last Sunday. I think the devil never resorts to this kind of mob except in extreme cases. This is the perfection of hypocrisy—this is making a prayer "for a pretense" with a vengeance. But Br. Corwin being not ignorant of the devices of the devil of Sectarianism was fortified against the assault—he remained standing upon his feet, intently pursuing the the thread of his discourse when the fury of the prayer had spent itself. During the Communion service, in the afternoon, he rebuked them again. This was insupportable, right in the midst of their solemn *shadows*, just as they had sufficiently elongated their countenances and *piously* and *awfully* entered upon the service, then to have their devotional feelings disturbed by being told, that they were neglecting Christ inasmuch as they neglected one of the least of his disciples, was enough to call forth the execration, "let him be prosecuted"—"let him be fined"—"let him be imprisoned"! Ah, awfully solemn as they were and disfigured as were their faces, the spirit of their fathers, who said of Him who "came to bear witness to the truth," "let him be crucified"—was in their hearts—yea, and not only the blood of Calvary's victim, but all the righteous blood shed from Abel until now, will God require of these children of Cain, who have thus dealt with a servant of the most High. Br. Corwin went to prison rejoicing that he was counted worthy to suffer shame for the truth.—His wife, although she is left with a family of small children, endures the persecution with the fortitude of a christian. Nothing has ever occurred in this vicinity to open the eyes of the people to see the rottenness of the popular religion like this transaction. I believe you are carrying the battle into the right quarter for the overthrow of Slavery, in your attacks upon the National Religion.

Yours, for free speech,
with the consequences,
EZRA C. SMITH.

A Word for the School Teachers.

NORTHAMPTON, Ms., January 5th, 1843.

Mr. Rogers,

Dear Sir: During the winter sessions of our public seminaries, I wish you would call the attention of those Teachers who peruse your columns, to the practicability of disseminating important truths, and arousing latent sensibilities, upon the most prominent subjects of reform, by a series of juvenile exercises in their respective districts. A method which in several instances has been productive of the happiest results. If the scholars are permitted to commit to memory dialogues and selections for declamation, from recent publications, like the "Anti-Slavery Pic Nic," and that admirable little book entitled "A Kiss for a Blow," or the various temperance periodicals,—accompanied with juvenile music; a good audience will assuredly give their attendance.

Such exercises have a peculiar charm for children, and not only facilitate their intellectual growth, but possess the two-fold advantage of promoting the moral education of the pupil and opening an avenue to the hearts of parents which had before been impervious alike to sound arguments and thrilling appeals. Sentiments thus diffused have a powerful tendency to counteract prejudice and allay bitter animosities.—If, therefore, Teachers can be induced to commence the work they will find their pupils ready accessaries, and without interfering with other school duties, may realize a pleasant and profitable recreation.

Affectionately yours,
A Voice from Northampton Co[illegible]

HERALD OF FREEDOM.

"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

N. P. ROGERS, Editor.

'In the name of our God we will set up our banners.'

CONCORD:

FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 10, 1843.

Massachusetts Annual Meeting.

I intended last week, when the impression was fresher upon me, to have told the readers of the Herald what I could of this anniversary—which I attended, and which was held in that old Revolutionary Kennel—Faneuil Hall. I should hardly know which to call the Old Continental building—an Eyrie—from the fierce looking Eagle that has made it her nest this half century—or a Kennel, from the "dogs of war," whom the Revolution "let slip," when it "cried havock," in the days of '76,—and who frown in picture from the old storm-rocked walls. The country reader may not have seen the interior of the Hall. It is big enough to hold three or four thousand, and constructed for them, standing—*seats* being too quiescent a position, for the multitudes that used to gather there. It was rarely fair weather enough in the Hall, for the people to *sit*. A capacious gallery stretches about three sides of it,—the fourth occupied by the platform, which in olden time had scarcely a seat to it, the occupiers being generally on their feet—and nothing of the pulpit-looking accommodations, which mar it now to the revolutionary eye—though highly convenient to the more peaceful assemblies of modern day.—Above and beneath the galleries, throng the small, but good proportioned pillars, that thicken along their whole extent, and break, in no small degree, the otherwise vast-looking space. The high wall behind the platform is hung with Revolutionary portraits—amid which, and of the same size with Washington's (and his horse's) and occupying the right, hangs, somewhat incongruously, as it struck me—Mister Peter Faneuil,—an early Boston Merchant, I believe,—who founded the Hall, and gave it its name—and gave the Hall itself, as a gift to the town. He is gorgeously dressed in crimson, and laced and ruffled off like any duke, though his countenance is not overcharged with heroism or chivalry, there among the Hancocks and Heaths and Adamses. The Old Hall takes its interest from what has been done in it—which is enhanced by the faces of the stormy actors, which man its walls. Friend Peter Faneuil, so far as I know, derives his importance entirely from the Hall itself. Yet he was a man, and, may be, a better man than any of his more famous co-tenants of this Westminster Abbey of the young metropolis of *New*-England. His picture is as big as a good large barn-door, and framed heavily in gilt. Washington, on foot, majestically by the side of his war horse—Old Charger, I suppose, who looks as wild as the hurricane he seems snuffing up,—stands bare-headed, his left hand (I believe) unconsciously on Charger's rein, and the right hanging down, holding his continental hat. Not erect and strutting, like a modern Lieutenant,—nor yet like a *groom*,—but heavily—thoughtfully—and strongly, like some old fortress that has stood a hundred seiges,—his countenance grave to sadness; on the whole the best and biggest looking soldier and statesman, probably, the earth has afforded. And yet I could not separate him, in either of these capacities, from the *hero*, who occupied the picture with him,—with his mane streaming across his thunder-clad neck, in some revolutionary wind,—and his terrible nostrils distended wide, as he seemed to be "smelling the battle afar off," and listening to "the shouting" of the Old Continentals, and "the thunder of" their Knoxes, their Hamiltons and their Waynes. In the centre between the pictures, was indented in a niche of the wall, the aged bust of the elder Adams,—its aristocratic and presidential expression of face, not at all pleasing to my eye. Beneath, some brilliant revolutionary spirit, I did not learn who,—perhaps Warren. It must be, for Warren should surely be there, and I do not remember him any where else. Above the bust, the portrait of the younger Adams,—now over three score and ten, but still harnessed in the field of statesmanship, where he will be likely to weary down a generation or two more, of modern politicians. The old veteran like to have sprung from his place, at the strain of the Hutchinsons, when Jesse stretched his hand enthusiastically up to "The living Adams," and apostrophised him, in the midst of one of their bursts, the other day, which made the Old Hall ring as it has not before, since 1770. To the right of Peter Faneuil sits John Hancock—beyond the portrait of, I believe, the late Dr. Bowditch—probably a greater man than a score of him—and who has left three good sons behind him,—who I trust will have their pictures hung up by Anti Slavery yet, in some of its revolutionary halls. They must be in haste about it, though. Hancock's picture is very beautiful. His countenance is mild and unrevolutionary. He is dressed in the old nobility style—very unlike a Boston merchant or leading citizen now-a-days,—in blue—laced and ruffled like a courtier. He has a book in his left hand, where he seems to have been writing, but more resembling a ledger—than a revolutionary record—and he, as if he had been registering some decree of a mayor and council, rather than dashing down that bold signature, that heads the signers of the Old Declaration of Independence. Somewhere about Washington, stands fat, red-faced, old General Heath, with his hand on a cannon breech, in continental uniform—his face and whole figure looking as if the likeness must have been taken, long after the hard days of revolutionary service, and when he had retired upon turkey and Maderia. He looks belly-gerent enough, though, for a Major General of the Continental Army. To the left of the wall stands Samuel Adams, apparently making a speech—with a roll in his left hand. Adams and Hancock are famous great men—but probably heroes of circumstance. I remember hearing Judge Livermore of New-Hampshire, who could appreciate men as well as any body living, and who knew the distinguished men of old times, as well as of modern day,—say, speaking of the Revolution, and the ambitious men who figured in it, that the British might have saved the War—or put it off for the time, if they had only made John Hancock a Justice of the Peace, and Sam Adams a Captain of militia. But I do not know how that was. A brilliant looking portrait hangs on the same side with Washington, lower down the wall—which I conjecture to be James Otis—for he is no where else, and the wall would be greatly lacking without him. It is a brave groupe—but Anti-Slavery could show the world a far braver, when its revolutionary walls shall have been hung for posterity, with her great-hearted—but peaceful-handed chieftains. Woman's eye will be seen beaming from those walls, and sable countenances will ennoble the array, and no military or civic ensigns will be there, to detract from the beauty of Humanity's chivalry. There were countenances enough, that after times will know—or ought to—present at these anti-slavery meetings, to hang many such Halls, with pictures. And if not suspended thus, for the remembrance and admiration of posterity, they will live in the hearts of the disenthralled millions, for whose liberty they are now toiling and suffering.

But to the meetings, of which I have time and space to say but little. They were thronged nearly the entire sessions—sometimes to overflowing. It was feared the attendance would look meagre, in that vast apartment—but it was deemed important, as well as judicious on the score of economy, to hold the Anniversary in Faneuil Hall. The Meeting houses could not be had. Humanity would have to break through bars of adamant to get into any of the ruthless edifices. And if they went into Marlborough Chapel, which has not yet been dedicated to God and Mammon, (when it shall have been, that will be inaccessible,) it would have cost enough to feed an Agent half a year, to pay for it. Faneuil Hall cost nothing for the *use*. And was all the time abundantly thronged.

I can speak of the faults of the meetings easier than of their excellencies. Too much time was consumed in reading the Report of the Board, which, able and important as it was,—was to be published, and might be read by all abolitionists.

Abigail Folsom made an unnecessary and as I feared, an ill-natured onset on the meeting, with a document of hers, which she could scarcely suppose pertinent to the Anti-Slavery movement,—and which she continued to read, some time, after, as I thought, she had any occasion to read or speak, to vindicate the largest liberty of speech. I can make every allowance, and even do homage to the boldest *irregularities*—in assertion of sound and bona fide right of speech, when unwarranted or denied—and even after the object is fully attained, and when the disposition to abridge the right, if it ever existed, is entirely overcome and suppressed, I cannot excuse a disposition to interfere, for the purpose of molestation, annoyance or revenge, and I could not help apprehending, there might be savorings of each of these purposes in friend Abigail, as she persisted long in reading her papers, after the meeting had given way to her. Nevertheless I was sorry they applied to the police to protect the meeting against her. If she is deranged, she should be removed from the meeting by the Abolitionists themselves—gently and kindly. If she is merely perverse, I see no way but to go beyond the utmost possibility of her intrusions, by sheer patience. But it is easier to advise to either, than to practice it.

Another fault of the meetings was, I think, a too great prominency of the question of dissolution of the Union. The Union ought to be dissolved, no doubt. It is a diabolical compact, so far as it involves Slavery.—And it is well enough for abolitionists to say so. But to advocate it as a means of abolishing slavery *in the hands of abolitionists*—seems to me, not marked with the penetration and good sense, which have distinguished its advocates. It would do for the politicians to threaten it—if they had done every thing else they could to assert their own political liberty. But they have not—and the political North is as deep in the mud of Slavery, as the South is in the mire. The South have as much occasion to cut loose from them, as slaveholders, and upholders of the slave system, as they from the South. But for abolitionists to threaten it, or advocate it, seems an altruism of ends proportioned to their means, that discredits their good judgment. The South would tremble, should the North hint at dissolution—but at the declamation of the abolitionists they will laugh, and the pro-slavery North with them. Garrison's dashing resolution was just the thing to say about it, and all that need have been said, with a brief speech from him, and perhaps one from Phillips, for the splendor of it. But it consumed a great share of the three days.

Abolitionists can't defend the Union—or ask its continuance. It is no benefit to them—or their movement. They are not recognized—any more than the colored people, by the politicians any where—only, as they may balance the parties, the politicians will attempt to beguile them by pretended anti slavery legislation. But it is all hypocrisy.—Politics detests abolitionism, and would crucify it and the colored man with it, if it could safely.—Abolitionists have moral power enough to shake the land. They can make the pillars of the temples of the religious dagon, tremble and totter. Politically they are less than contemptible,—and have, besides, absolutely nothing political to do, had they ever so much power. All they can effect is by moral appliances,—and to their power to wield these there are no limits.

A great deal of splendid ability was lavished on the subject of the Union. Speeches were made worthy the stormiest days of the Old Cradle. But it seemed to me talent misspent. It was agitating the abolitionists on themes, about which they ought to maintain a calm indifference, and upon which agitation scarcely becomes them. It is not every kind of excitement that sets well on an abolitionist. A political hurrah does not ring gracefully from his throat. If he open his mouth at all to shout, it should be only to give the moral war-cry. Let the votaries of gunpowder and the bayonet, and the haunters of the anti-slavery ballot box, tune their voices to the loud, animal hurrah; and inhale the exhilerating gas of politics. Moral-power abolitionists cannot participate with them. Their great work calls for no such participation. They have no fancy for it. They can't involve themselves in it. I regret there is such a proneness in the best of us to *lapse* that way. But every one to their own judgment. With the faithful hearted, all will come out right.

"Mr. Treadwell," a stranger, who, I learned, was lecturing on the anti-slavery character of the Constitution, in Boston, and who had a zeal on that *heart stirring* subject, worthy a mono-maniac, enriched the meetings by several vehement speeches. His first speech was at the evening meeting in the State House. He was earnest almost to termagancy. Had he been a technical abolitionist, he would have been charged with madness, and his friends would have admitted it. As he was not, it passed with the *saner* portion of the hearers, probably, as only oratorical vehemency. At Garrison's resolution touching the compact, he lost his *self-possession*, and absolutely capered, and his agility and high wrought *action* raised such laughter in the Hall, that he had to rely entirely on pantomime to impart his sentiments, as not one word could be heard of what he was, apparently, saying. I caught one masterly expression. It was an apostrophe to Washington's horse—whose heels he invoked on the head of Garrison, for his blasphemy against the compact, uttered too in presence of a horse, who had such a *hand* in accomplishing it. The horse did not kick, however, and so Mr. Treadwell did. That is, he kicked up his heels, all about the platform, brandishing, at the same time, a formiddable cudgel. Other eccentric people spoke. Our movement seems to give opportunity to all the odd folks. Denied a chance to speak elsewhere, because they are not mad after the fashion, they all flock to the anti-slavery boards as a kind of Asylum. And so the poor old enterprise has to father all the oddity of the times. It is a glory to Anti-Slavery, that she can allow the poor friends the right of speech. I hope she will always keep herself able to afford it. Let the constables wait on the State House and Jail, and the *Meeting Houses*. Let the door keeper at the Anti-Slavery Hall be that tall, celestial-faced Woman, that carries the flag on the National Standard, and says "without *concealment*," as well as "without compromise." Let every body in, who has sanity enough to see the beauty of brotherly kindness, and let them say their fantasies, and magnanimously bear with them, seeing unkind pro-slavery drives them in upon *us*. We shall have *saner* and *sensibler* meetings then, than all others in the land put together.

Friend Abigail Folsom got up, the last evening, in her usual manner to speak, and was so greeted by the coarse mobocracy interspersed among the assembly, that she had the good sense, and the conscientiousness to disclaim their ragamuffin fellowship, and indignantly walk out of the Hall. It was an affronting rebuke to the thoughtless rowdies, and looked to me like the finest kind of sanity of mind. I wish she had undertaken to speak as calmly and rationally, as she met the cheering of the mob. They would not have greeted her, in that case, and the Society would, I trust, have heard her gladly, and acknowledged her right of speech, without stint.

The distinguishing incident of the Anniversary was the co-operation of the New-Hampshire Hutchinsons, aided by their brother from Lynn. These singers I have several times spoken of, and, as has been thought by those who had not heard them, with exaggeration. No one however, of the thousands who heard their matchless strains at Faneuil Hall, would ever deem any degree of panegyric exaggeration, that language could bestow upon them. And those who have heard them at their modest concerts, in suitable sized rooms and tolerably clear atmosphere, would have said the people could get no idea of their enchanting powers, amid the tumult and depraved air of that great, overgrown Hall. But even there, it was the strain of the "New-Hampshire Rainers," as I have styled these unassuming young brothers, though the celebrated Swiss minstrels, who wear that family name, and have made it so famous in this country, and in Europe, have more occasion to covet for themselves the name of these singers from New-Hampshire's Alps. They are not mere vocalists. They have hearts and minds, as well as tuneful voices. They are not wandering, mercenary troubadours, who go about selling their strains for bread or for brandy. They are young farmers. They work, *indoors* as well as out, in the noble kitchen, as well as on the farm, and get a sound and substantial living, by their useful industry. The more entitled are they, to the most generous encouragement of their countrymen, when they go forth, occasionally, to charm and better community by their music. That they are abolitionists may engender prejudice against them in the pro-slavery breast. But their lays will banish that demon from the meanest heart, as David's harp played the devil out of King Saul.

The Hutchinsons were present throughout the meetings, and it is probable, contributed considerably to keeping up the unparalleled attendance, that thronged the great Hall. They were not there as musicians, in the orchestra. They were not hired performers. They were there as Garrison and Boyle were, as Douglass and Remond and Phillips, and the rest of us all. "To help the Cause along."—And they did help it. They were always in order too, when they spoke, and it was what they said, as well as how they said it, that sent anti-slavery like electricity to every heart. I never saw such effect on human assemblies as their appeals produced.—They made the vast multitudes toss and heave and *clamor* like "the roaring ocean." Orpheus is said to have made the trees dance to his playing. The Hutchinsons made the thousands of Faneuil Hall spring to their feet simultaneously, "as if in dance," and echo the anti-slavery appeal, with a cheering that almost moved the old revolutionists from their stations on the wall. On one occasion it was absolutely amazing and sublime. Phillips had been speaking, in his happiest vein. It was towards night. The Old Hall was sombre in the *gloaming*. It was thronged to its vast extremities. Phillips closed his speech at the loftiest pitch of his fine genius, and retired from the platform, when the four brothers rushed to his place, and took up the argument where he had left it, on the very heights of poetic declamation, and carried it off heavenward, on one of their boldest flights. Jesse had framed a series of stanzas on the spot, while P. was speaking, embodying the leading arguments, and enforcing them, as mere oratory cannot, and as music and poetry only can, and they poured them forth with amazing spirit, in one of the maddening Second Advent tunes. The vast multitude sprung to their feet, as one man, and at the close of the first strain gave vent to their enthusiasm in a thunder of unrestrained cheering. Three cheers, and three times three—or ever so many, for they could not count—they sent out, full hearted, and full toned, till the old roof rang again. And throughout the whole succeeding strains, they repeated it, not allowing the singers to complete half the stanza, before breaking out upon them in uncontrollable emotion. Oh! it was glorious.—And it was not the rude, moboeratic shouting of the blind partisan, or the unearthly glee of the religious maniac—it was humanity's jubilee cry. And there was *music* in it. The multitude had caught the spirit and tone of the orator and the minstrel bards, and they exemplified it, in their humanized shoutings. There is great music in this natural, generous uproar of the mighty multitude—when it goes out spontaneously, as God made it to. The "sound of many waters" is not more harmonious, nor a millionth part so expressive—for there is not soul in the unconscious waters. But I am exceeding my limits. I wish the whole city—and the entire country could have been there—even all the people. Slavery would have died of that music, and that response of the multitude. The abolitionists of old Massachusetts seemed fully to appreciate the anti-slavery services of their young allies from the Granite State, and will second me in my hurried and broken effort to do some justice to them, though I have to pass over comparatively the other interesting and important doings common to an Anniversary of the Pioneer Society. If politics had been discountenanced altogether at the meetings—or suffered only to have their proportionate attention—the whole tide of the proceedings would have been as overwhelming as the bugle cries of the Hutchinsons. It was great as it was, in spite of draw backs and abatements; and must have left an abiding impression on the city and the country.

Gratifying Token.

My dear friend Thomas Davis, of Providence, presented me the other day, in Old Faneuil Hall, a beautiful and very valuable watch, as a love token from himself and other free spirits of the Roger Williams city. I sent them a hurried note of gratification, penned amid the dust and smoke of the anti-slavery battle going on in the Old Hall, and I am afraid a confused and unmeaning note. I want to acknowledge the elegant friendliness over again, and to put it down here in the Herald, as among the graceful incidents occurring along the path of our rugged warfare. And I want the future (as well as some of the present) readers of the Herald of Freedom of 1843, to see that there were not wanting clear minded and high *thoughted* friends, then, who deemed its *rash* editor not unworthy to wear such a gift, with a gold key glittering at its guard chain. And besides it may behoove me to let my hard-faring comrades of the Granite State know that we do not any of us, *buy ourselves* such costly elegancies, in these days of scarcity and privation.

Henniker Convention.

I feel as if a word could not be needed from the Herald, to back the call for this most important gathering. The common rallying words of Sect and Party are not in place here. Anti-slavery cannot avail itself of their inducements. We want no headlong rush of the people, and no longer expect it—although in the early days of the movement, we could not but anticipate it—when outraged and enslaved humanity cried to them in its extremity. It is anticipated no longer. It is scarcely desired. I can only say to all people in the vicinity, of heart and of common humanity, it would highly become them, and deeply interest and benefit them, to be at the meeting. Anti-slavery is not to be advocated there on narrow principles, that concern only the southern black man, in his relation to his overseer and his "owner," but on broad grounds that affect Slavery in its origin, and here at its fountain head, at the North—and all the People, in all their interests, bearing on this most shameful result of our moral character as a nation. It is to be a meeting on the broad principles of Humanity—where human nature is to be appreciatad and treated according to its importance and true character. It has been trodden down long enough. Arms are extended and voices raised for its rescue. Will the People of the country take pains to gather at such a meeting? God has sent us the snow for sleighing. I hope to meet all the heart and soul of the region, at the "Baptist meeting house" in pleasant Henniker, next Tuesday morning. I marvel at the opening of said meeting house. Where is the minister? On a journey? Or are they free of an overseer, and so their Temple unbarred to Humanity? Something is the matter. *A meeting house is open to the cry of God's poor!*

Third Party.

I should have no objection, as an abolitionist, to 3d Party—provided, it would not assume the anti-slavery mask. Had 3d Party in Massachusetts, or New Hampshire, sprung up frankly—as *politicians*—out of the ranks of the other political parties—I should have had no warfare with them. But when New Organization attempts to divert the anti-slavery movement into a 3d party channel, to save Sect from its invasions—or to save itself from repentance or extinction,—then I oppose it, as the treacherous enemy of our Cause.—Such has been the origin of 3d Party, in both States.

I am willing the politicians should harrass each other on the subject of Slavery—and glad to have them.—though I hope Abolitionists will waste none of their strength in aiding them.—I had rather the Whigs should resist the tyrannous demands of Slavery,—or that the Democrats should, or a 3d political party,—*politically* originated,—than that the parties should bow to the dragon, as they now do. But a New-Organization, *clerical* 3d Party, I deprecate, and oppose.

The Boston Miscellany,

A monthly, literary periodical, edited by H. T. Tuckerman, and for sale by John D. Norton, bookseller, of this town. It is an elegant pamphlet, embellished with engravings in the fine style to which they are carrying that *fine* art in this country. January and February numbers have been kindly handed in at our printing office, by the agent. If I could say anything in advance *his* interest in disposing of the work, I would gladly do it. And I could, if I had the skill, say considerable in its favor as a spirited and able literary Journal.

I feel awkward at attempting to touch anything literary. Not merely that I make clumsy work of it—but because I feel doubtful as to the utility of promoting the cultivation of mere letters. For what is literature—but the luxury of words and periods. What is the use of it? It has nothing of the power of unlettered talk, or illiterate writing—if such there may be. It engenders only an artificial language, that nobody talks—or can talk, except those fictitious creatures, the scholars—and they, only when they are not in earnest; when they are *learned*. Put them to their necessities, and they forget their book style—their compound words and their constructed periods, and have to talk just like any body. Literature is a mere accomplishment, intended to be displayed only to the idle. It is like the parlor furniture, to be used (if it can be called *use*) only by company. It is but pedantry, in its best estate. True strong, human thinking don't want it, and can make use of it, if it happen to possess it. It has, in fact, to get rid of it—before it can use the natural and necessary use of speech. Human speech is of almighty power, almost, when unalloyed by learning. And yet the strong minded, unlettered man bows reverently before the helpless scholar. It is a grand mistake. This literature produces nothing for humanity. It originates nothing, improves nothing, invents nothing, discovers nothing. It talks and talks words, about the labors of others, and is crowned higher and more meritorious for it, than genius and labor are for achieving what succeeding can only descant upon. Learning exists on the capital of unlettered mind. It struts in stolen plumage, and it is mere plumage after all. A learned man resembles an owl, in more respects than the matter of *wisdom*. Like that solemn bird, he is about all feathers.

The February number of the Miscellany has, among other spirited articles, an essay on the genius and character of Macaulay, the celebrated critic and reviewer. It is written with the common activity of style, and power of language. I have seen but little of Macaulay's writing—but should think the writer of this essay, displayed a good deal of the peculiarity that distinguishes him—and were not Macaulay the subject of the article, it might pass pretty well for one of his own. It is in his bold, brave, dashing style—maintaining the flow of period and the almost good sense of common talk, amid comprehensive words and scholastic phraseology. But it is only about books and their writers, and of what consequence to humanity are either of these. They are but copies—and resemblances of copies—when we might be gazing on originals. Works, in the Alexandrian libraries of them—what are they good for? Common sense "esteems them as stubble." They are food for nobody but the moth, and his fellow student the book worm. Some old invader burnt up ever so many of them, in a famous library, long ago, I believe in Egypt. They called him a Vandal, or some such rude name for it. But he might have been a very clever barbarian for all that. I wish he had burnt nothing more valuable—viz. human abodes and their cultivated fields. Our Second Advent friends contemplate a grand conflagration, about the *first* of April next. I should be willing there should be one—if it could be confined to the productions of the press, which make the earth is absolutely smothered. I would take care if there should be a bonfire of all the boasted libraries—especially the divinity—and it would burn like tinder—most of it.

Humanity wants precious few books to—but the great living, breathing, immortal, glorious volume of Providence. "The proper study of mankind." That this is "Man," God's other works, is not mere poetry. There is truth in it. Life, real life, how *to live*—to treat one another, and how to trust God in matters beyond our ken and occasion, are the lessons to learn, and you can find nothing about them in the libraries. I would add a word more of the Miscellany and its other spirited and able articles—but toil-worn Humanity can have little leisure or fancy for literature, while a sixth of the country welters in brute slavery, and the mass of the other free-states in heartless indifference, or religious rage, at the feeble attempts making for its disenthralment. Literature shows, on such a country, like the marble gleams on a whited sepulchre, or like finery on a harlot, and the gaudier it is the more painfully unbecoming. I wish we might get free of slavery, before we multiply our literature much further—or our literary (*religious*) institutions.

Another warning to the Intemperate! We learn from Hanover, that a man by the name of George Ingalls, a toper, was found frozen to death, on the morning of the 15th ult., just above the village, on the bank of the Connecticut river. It is understood he left home, about a fortnight before, and went to a groggery, which he left in a state of intoxication, and had not been seen afterwards, until he was found as before mentioned, with his bottle near him—having perished during the cold weather about that time.

Asylum Journal.

A little sheet, under this crazy name, is published every Tuesday, by the Inmates of the Vermont Asylum for the Insane—at Brattleborough. I have received the 11th No.—and intended to have before noticed it, and sent the Herald of Freedom to the conductors, in exchange. The pro-slavery press may wittily say, it would be an *even exchange*, on the score of sanity.—I wish they could say with truth it would be even on the score of ability.—I do not incline to question the insanity of some, or perhaps, at times of all, of our friends at the asylum—yet there is something more than "method in the madness," they manifest in their little journal.—"Crazy Sam," who writes for it, is not so wordy as friend Charles Dickens, who writes outside of an asylum—but he does not fall so far short of him in sense and point, as he does in *parts* of *speech*. Our sanest and sagest editors, religious and political, would forfeit none of their high claims to deference, if they could write like "Crazy Sam"—But they are sound minded, and "Sam" is crazy.

It is a beautiful circumstance that these confined inmates are publishing a paper. It will enliven their dreary existence, and have no small tendency to restore them their mental equilibrium. It will furnish too a better means to the world, of judging of the difference between insanity inside and outside of the lunatic walls. If the paper is not under *supervision*, it will operate wholesomely on the Institution itself from which it issues. The confined ought always to be their own chroniclers and tell their own story. History would be a different affair from what it is, had this always been so. The inmates of the Asylum, however, I do not class in this respect, with those who are prisoners for the good of others. I have charity to think that the State is middling kind in its provisions for the insane. I wish they were as kindly in their provision for their criminals.

I should like by the way (not to institute any comparison) to have our *stone* State Asylum, here in Concord, have a chance to issue a Journal every week. I happen to think of it by association of ideas in regard to prisoners. These inmates would have to publish Sundays, instead of Tuesdays, or other secular days, if they had a Journal. Sunday they are obliged to lay still, and it is, I presume, the most miserable day of the seven to them—as it would be to those outside, if they could not go to the shows at the meeting houses, and display themselves—and get a sort of dispensation for the coming six days of *secularism*, by an atoning worship. How long would a State Prison stand in New-Hampshire, if the convicts could have liberty of the press! By the way, why have they not a right to it? Their sentence is *confinement to hard labor*, for six days in the week, and confinement, within the walls of the establishment, the seventh. Why have they not a *legal* right to spend that seventh day in acquainting the people with their condition, and giving their experience, and their views on imprisonment, &c? I only hint at it.

I am rejoiced that our friends at the Brattleborough Asylum have a Journal. It will not only amuse and profit themselves, but afford some advantage to the *saner* community around them. I commend their Journal to all who take *political* or *religious* papers, for patronage and perusal.

From the Philanthropist.

Beauties of Slavery.

ITS REFINING INFLUENCE.

The Baltimore papers lately contained the report of a case, which strikingly illustrates the refining influence of slavery.

A colored girl, named Sally Jeffries, was taken by her mother, Ann Conner, a *white* woman, and placed in the custody of a slave-dealer, to whom she was offered for sale. The girl filed a petition for freedom against her mother. The court desired her to acknowledge the freedom of her child, by filing a response to the petition to that effect. The mother said that the child was her slave, for she was given to her by her own father; but she would acquiesce in the desire of the court, if they would make the girl go with her and be her servant. She was ordered to be removed; and she then made the acknowledgment demanded, and the girl was released.

This seems very revolting—but we should like to know, whether Ann Conner has not just as good a right to make her own child a slave, as those who sat in judgment on her case, have to make slaves of the children of other people.—Slaveholders every year enslave 70,000 children of other people; so that after all, Mrs. Ann Conner may holt up her head.

PARENTAL DISCIPLINE.

We extract the following from an article on the management of slaves, in the South Western Farmer.

"Never threaten a negro, but if you have occasion to chastise, do it at once.

"If inflicting the severest punishment, do it in a mild, cool temper." "Do not allow yourself to be deceived, and be betrayed by any course of good behavior in your negroes, howsoever long continued, on any account *to relax your discipline*; but if by a long course of good management, you have got your negroes tractable, obedient and trust-worthy, recollect that the only way to keep them so, is to continue precisely the same treatment that has amended them."

"Negroes have very inferior minds and brains; they act from impulse and feeling more than from reason. In general they are entirely incapable of exercising a correct judgment, as to what would be for their best interest and happiness.—*Tangible punishments* and rewards *which act at once upon their senses*, are the only sort that most of them can appreciate."

"The negro is sadly deficient in his organs of concientiousness; *the only way therefore to keep him honest, is not to trust him.*"

By the way, this last rule, it would be well for northern merchants and mechanics, to observe toward their slaveholding customers.

Such is the parental discipline of slavery, a relation which has been compared to the tie between parent and child. How often are we told of the confidence reposed by the master in his affectionate slave, and yet, "*the only way to keep him (a slave) honest is never to trust him!*" How kind this slavery-discipline, how elevating, how generous! Reader! if you would conceive of hell upon earth, fix your mind on a state where universal distrust prevails—where no man can trust his fellow man;—do you not see that there can be no peace, no happiness in such a community; that Suspicion, Terror, Hatred, would be its presiding deities—that every man would be an Ishmaelite, and feel himself at once degraded and embittered, by the distrust of his fellow man?

Now, just in proportion as the slaveholders approximate in practice, this idea of *never trusting their slaves*, do they realize a hell upon earth the fires of which scorch and blight, if they do not devour, whatever is good in both master and slave.

ITS TENDER MERCIES.

It is stated in the Journal of Commerce, (N. Y.) that "a few days since, 110 negroes were sold by the Sheriff, at Buckingham, Va., for $340 each—ages ranging from six months to sixty years!" A system which drives a trade in babes and grey-haired men, it were fanaticism to deny to be a Bible institution. So says that great champion of democracy, J. C. Calhoun, and that distinguished divine, the Rev. Alexander McCaine!

But, we have another still more striking specimen of the tender mercies of slavery. It is a law of Florida, which passed the legislature, and received the approbation of the Governor last March. The wretch who conceived it, must have had more devils in him, than he whose name was Legion. Look at it carefully—

The law requires,

1. That all free persons of color shall have a guardian.

2. That they shall pay a poll tax of *one dollar each*, without regard to age, and, in default of paying it, shall be sold at auction to the man who shall bid the shortest time, for the tax and costs.

3. All free colored persons who have moved into Florida since February 10, 1832, shall leave it before October 1, 1842, and pay the sheriff ten dollars fee and mileage for it. If any one refuses to leave it, the sheriff is to sell him for 99 years, to the highest bidder, and have one-third of the proceeds for his trouble. If any one comes back, he is to be sold in a like manner.

4. Heavy penalties are laid on the sheriff if he fail to comply with the law.

5. No appeal is allowed from the decision of the county court, or justice of the peace who enforces the act, except where a doubt arises whether a person is free or a slave.

6. The guardians have the same power over free colored people as the slaveholder has over his slave. The guardian is to prevent any person from trading with free colored people. In all respects, except as *being property*, free colored people are subjected to all laws and restrictions to which slaves are liable.

[The exceptions amount to nothing of course.]

7. When vessels bring free colored people into Florida, they are to be put in jail, and the vessel must pay one dollar a day for their keeping. If they are not taken out of jail within ten days, and all costs paid, the sheriff must sell them for 99 years, and have one quarter of the proceeds for his trouble.

The man who can read this law, without having his whole soul boiling with indignation, is an iceberg.

On the 3d of January, the attention of Congress was called to this infamous law of the Territorial legislature. Mr. Morgan, of New-York, introduced in the House of Representatives, a resolution for its repeal. *J. B. Weller*, of Ohio, a *handy* tool of the South, moved that the resolution be laid on the table,—which motion prevailed,—and with the inhuman majority went Burke, Eastman, and Shaw, of New-Hampshire. Of the *religious* pretensions of Shaw, and Burke, we know nothing. *Ira A. Eastman*, is a leading member of the Orthodox Church at Gilmanton. Always prominent in Conference and Prayer meetings, and like "means of grace." Shame on the professed Christianity that does n't spew out such wickedness and hypocrisy,—and shame and infamy upon these miserable men who represent (too truly) this State in Congress. They are ever ready to lap the dust from the slaveholder's contemptible heels at the first crack of the overseer's whip. Such beings prate of Democracy, and Christianity? They possess no rightful claim to common humanity. They havn't the decency of the wild Indian. The South should furnish each with a good brass collar.—F

Physiological Truths,

Copied from "*The Health Journal and Independent Magazine*"—a monthly publication recently "set on foot" in Boston, whose prospectus, in the hope of rendering assistance, we have inserted in another column.—F.

All pain is the strongest indication of the wisdom and goodness of God to all living, telling them in a voice that must be heard, that they have done wrong, or their predecessors, or their fellows. Man has pain that he may know its cause. This is true, Godly repentance for sin that we observe and learn the cause of pain, and ever after avoid effects by taking away causes.

Tears, blind resignation, and oft repeated confessions can never save. *Ignorance* is the cause of misery. "Be ye *wise* unto salvation."

G. W.

The world should be a manual labor school. The amount of labor necessary to health, would furnish ample means for man's happiness, and leave sufficient time for mental culture.

The causes of evil must be removed. We cannot say to evils be ye removed and be obeyed, any more than we can cause a blessing to rest on food that God has cursed, by asking it. Think of asking God to bless the flesh of swine to the health of man! He must first establish new laws for the government of our nature.—We might as well pray for a crop of wheat amid the snows of winter, or that the stomarch might digest iron. Fatuitous credulity is ever looking for a wonder-working power to save the transgressor from the consequences of sin. Sin is the violation of law; redemption is obedience to law.

B. W. D.

If it is important that cows which furnish milk for the inhabitants of cities and other places, should be supplied with natural food and drink, instead of still-slops, is it not much more important that nursing mothers partake only of wholsome food and drink, instead of tea and coffee, and those many kinds of deleterious food now in use?

S. H.

All Reform, Repentance, Christianity depend on a correct knowledge of mind and body. 'T is folly to call that education which contains not a knowledge of the physical laws.

The Christianity which regards not man's body is little more than infidelity.

Is it duty to teach the young all sciences but the science of Human Life? The first thing they should be taught is this, for their happiness depends entirely on obedience to the laws of their being.

We are told that Christianity is to cure all evils. Is that Christianity which is severed from obedience to physical laws? To pray for a thing and then strive to prevent the fulfillment of our petition, is Paganism, or any thing but Christianity.

The Truths which Christ taught, are designed to elevate man. Where this is not done Christianity is not.

To speak of a Christian who is tormented with pains, consequent on known transgresston, is no great compliment to Christianity.

F. H. E.

Shall not the people mourn, so long as the knowledge of themselves is so wickedly neglected as it is in this perfectly enlightened age of selfishness? Honest and enlightened men agree that the world if full of error, and that it goes down much smoother than truth with the many. Would people die of consumption as they now do, if their prejudices would allow them to "seize upon truth wherever found, on Christian or on Heathen ground?"

We find little sound health of mind or body in this land of physic and fashion.

Who that has examined the subject believes that this state of things would exist, if the laws of Life were obeyed?

T. C.

I find few individuals, even among those considered robust and healthy, who do not complain of some ache, rheumatism, gout, or the like. When I hear them complain I say, you should take the Health Journal, and get information and find out the cause of those pains and the remedy.

H. F.

John Pierpont, in Maine.

Rev. Mr Pierpont closed his lectures in this city on Tuesday evening last. During his stay here; a fortnight—he delivered twelve lectures—besides making several speeches. All his performances were listened to by large and intelligent audiences. His lectures upon Temperance and Slavery were such as carried conviction to the minds of all who heard them, except those whose interests and prejudices render them incapable of conviction. And it is generally admitted that the cause of Tempetance has received great benefit from his labors. We think, too, from our own observation, and from an article in the last Democrat—in which the editor has deviated from his usually gentlemanly course and bestowed a little democratic blackguardism upon the distinguished gentleman—that he has done the cause of anti-slavery good service. With Mr. Pierpont's independence, our citizens have had good opportunity to become acquainted. He speaks out upon all moral questions without fear or favor. He goes upon the ground that he has a right, in this country, to express his opinion, and the grounds of it, in public and in private, however adverse the opinion of a few insignificant individuals, or even of the whole public, may be to such expression.

Although the Whig and the Democrat, without reason, have attempted to bring odium upon Mr. Pierpont—on account of his fearless advocacy of the cause of anti-slavery—yet he has left here with the gratitude of a large portion of our citizens for the great good he has accomplished.—*Bangor Gazette.*

Foreign Arrival.

The news by the last British Steamer, is not very important. The Anti Corn-law agitation is increasing. It is generally believed, that on the opening of the approaching session of Parliament, Sir Robert Peel will recommend a considerable reduction of the tax on breadstuffs.—The friends of complete suffrage, held a National Convention at Birmingham, about the first of January, which was largely attended. Joseph Sturge was in the Chair. The Convenvention was not entirely harmonious in its proceedings. A part were for adhering to the "Charter." This class were led by Fergus O'Conner, and may be called the physical force party. They are made up chiefly of the original *chartists* and embody some of the most combustible materials in the Kingdom. The remainder, of whom Mr Sturge may be regarded as the leader, wished to rally on an entire new platform, and employ only moral and political means to effect their objects. The Convention divided on this question, and each branch carried on its discussions independent of the other. The meetings had not dissolved when the Steamer sailed.—*Emancipator.*

Law among Freemen.

Judge Shaw, of Massachusetts, has in effect decided, in the Latimer case, that if a man, and especially a negro, though born in Boston, and never out of the State, is only *claimed* as a slave, he looses that moment the right of being tried by a jury—must be sent, on *prima facia* evidence merely, to the southern States, to have the question properly settled. To think of a free State's presuming a man to be a slave, and not even allowing him a chance to prove himself free!

Whose Business is it?—Henry Clay said to Mr. Mendenhall, of Indiana, "Slavery is our misfortune, not our fault; but whether our misfortune or our fault, *it is none of your business.*"

According to the above decision, it would seem as it slavery was our business; since any man among us is liable to be seized and carried off as a slave, without judge or jury.

N. A.-S. Standard.

An American Slaver on the Coast of Africa. The Governor of the colony of Liberia in a despatch addressed to the Executive Committee of the American Colonization Society on the 9th of June last, states that on his arrival at Bassa Cove, which place he visited in February, 1842, he found anchored there a fast sailing schooner belonging to New York. The captain refused to pay any port charges, in defiance of the authorities who had no means of forcing a compliance with their regulations. The supercargo of the vessel was a Spaniard. The Governor told him he knew him to be a slaver, and ordered him to leave the settlement. The vessel soon got under way and stood up the coast, but in ten or fifteen days returned, and in twelve hours took in a cargo of two hundred and fifty slaves and put to sea.—*N. Y Jour. of Com.*

Anti-Slavery Meeting

At HENNIKER, N. H.,

TO BE HELD ON TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY,

February 14th and 15th, 1843.

To all the friends of Humanity--Greeting.

The object for which we call you together is one of vast importance, and ought to enlist all your sympathies. Our nation by its crimes has become a hissing, and a by-word in all the earth. Its religion teaches that it is "no violation of the Christian faith," to enslave one sixth part of the people. Two and a half millions of our brethren are in bonds. Jesus Christ himself in the person of his children, lies manacled and bleeding, while his professed friends turn away from him with indifference. Let these facts awaken every energy of our souls, and let the guilty receive the severest rebuke from every friend of God and man. If we have any love for him who purchased our redemption, let us show it by our zeal in his cause. Let it not be said that "none calleth for Justice, nor any pleadeth for Truth." We do not urge, (for abolitionists need no urging,) but we do cordially invite all who can, to meet with us at the Baptist Meeting-house in Henniker, on Tuesday, the fourteenth day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to devise means to send deliverance to the captives throughout the land, by sapping the very foundation of every institution, that is sustained in any way, by their sighs, their tears, their sweat and their blood.

Nathan Sawyer,	*George W. Cogswell,*
Mrs. Nathan Sawyer,	*Mary L. Cogswell,*
Eliza A. Page,	*Daniel Cogswell,*
Lewis Greenleaf,	*A. P. M. Cogswell,*
Robert Wallace,	*David Cogswell,*
William Cressey,	*David W. Cogswell,*
David L. Cogswell,	*Leander W. Cogswell,*
Sarah L. Cogswell,	*Parsons B. Cogswell,*
Josiah Morse,	*Peter Eaton,*
E. C. Andrews,	*Eliza Ann Eaton,*
Abigail A. Andrews,	*Enoch Pillsbury,*
Abijah Hildreth,	*M. Foster Pillsbury,*
Betsey Hildreth,	*Silas Colby,*
Julia A. Hildreth	*Hannah Colby,*
Samuel Blanchard,	*Sarah Colby,*
Eliza S. Blanchard,	*Martha J. Colby,*
Sarah Blanchard,	*Elizabeth H. Conner,*
Sarah Peters,	*Hannah Cogswell,*

BRADFORD.

A. M. Chase,	*Stilman I. Cheney,*
A. S. Brackett,	*Daniel T. Gilmore,*
Benj. Farrington,	*Carlos Clark,*
Hannah Farrington,	*Frances S. Wellman,*
Rhoda Flanders,	*Dolley Brown,*
John Brown,	*J. F. Wellman,*
L. S. Brown,	*David Brown,*
E. J. Davis,	*Enos C. Howlet,*
Nancy Brackett,	*Mary P. Chase,*
Hiram Davis.	*Hannah W. Chase,*
Cyrus Chase,	*L. D. Bailey,*
M. W. Tappan,	*Edwin Bailey,*
Cyrus Bailey,	*Samuel Bates, Jr.*
Abner W. Bailey,	*Michael O. Neal,*
Theron Gillingham,	*Hiram T. Gillingham,*
George Wood.	*J. K. Lund,*
Dudley Bailey,	*George Ashby,*
D. K. Hawks,	*Eben L. Wood,*
Susan S. Hawks,	*Sol. S. Bailey,*
Betsey Eaton,	*Elvira C. Bailey,*
Lucinda A. Tappan,	*Miranda Martin,*
Charles C. Tappan,	*Mary Jane Tappan,*
Betsey F. Atkins,	*John Felch,*
Helen M. Tappan,	*Ebenezer Smith,*
Lucius B. Wood,	*Azariah Cressy,*
Charles A. Cressy,	*Elizabeth A. Tappan,*
Savery S. Chaney,	*Sarah E. Adams,*
W. Tappan,	*Jacob C. Bailey,*
S. W. Jones,	*Orlando H. Bailey,*
Clark Whitcomb,	*Emeline A. Bailey,*
Perley O. Eaton,	*Judith Wadley,*
Peter Benton,	*Uriah B. Person,*
Ruthey Benton,	*Laura B. Person,*
Sarah E. Benton,	*Sarah C. Hoyt,*
John B. Bayley,	*Margaret G. Hoyt,*
William A. Carr,	*Mary Augusta Hoyt.*
J. H. Ames,	*Caroline L. T. Carr,*
John Gillingham,	*E. M. Worth,*
Ira Cochran,	*John Andrews,*
Stephen H. Tobey,	*Susan K. Andrews,*
Moses M. Woods,	*Mary Ann Laws,*
Joseph Marshall,	*Eliza J. Andrews,*
Jason Marshall,	*M. R. Buswell,*
Joseph W. Marshall,	*Harvey C. Martin,*
William J. Davis,	*Marshall K. Martin,*
Abigail J. Davis,	*Harriet M. Martin,*
Sarah L. Wadley,	*Nancy N. Adams,*
Harriet E. Wadley,	*Madison Gillingham,*
John D. Wadleigh,	*Benjamin F. Adams,*
Lydia Wadley,	*Jackson Abbott,*
J. Warren Cheaney,	*Bainbridge Wadleigh,*
Timothy Cheaney,	*Huldah G. Wadleigh,*
Fanny E. Patterson,	*Helen E. B. Howe,*
Abby A. Howe,	*Susan R. Howe.*

Those from abroad will call on Peter Eaton, near Wallace & Campbell's, who will direct them to places where they can be accommodated.

Henniker, Jan. 28th, 1843.

GENERAL PERIODICAL OFFICE and

Bookstore;

South End Eagle Coffee House, Concord, N. H.

J. D. NORTON, would respectfully inform his friends and the public, that he has taken the Office recently occupied by Mr. Bickford, where he will furnish any

Newspaper & Magazine,

American or Foreign, on the most reasonable terms. Also, *BOOKS and STATIONERY*, of all kinds, low for Cash.

Concord, February 1, 1843.

Auditors Report

Of the Merrimack County Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

THE undersigned, appointed to examine the pecuniary concerns of said Company and audit the accounts of the Secretary and Treasurer, report as follows:

The whole amount the Company had at risk, Dec. 31, 1841, was,		$2,745,137 00
Risks taken from Dec. 31, 1841, to Dec. 31, 1842, were,		$456,634 00
Making,		$3,201,771 00
From which deduct the amount of policies expired and surrendered during the year ending Dec. 31, 1842, which is,		$459,791 00
and leaves at risk on that day,		$2,741,980 00
The amount of deposite notes, Dec. 31, 1841, was,		$170,591 22
And the amount of deposite notes taken on risks from Dec. 31, 1841, to Dec. 31, 1842, was,		$30,941 00
Making,		201,532 22
From which deduct the amount of deposite notes on risks expired, and otherwise discharged, from Dec. 31, 1841, to Dec. 31, 1842, which is,		$23,773 43
And it leaves a balance of which constituted the capital stock of the Company, Dec. 31, 1842.		$177,758 79
The balance of cash in the hands of the Secretary and due from agents, Dec. 31, 1841, was,		$754 41
The amount of three per cent. which has accrued on deposite notes, from Dec. 31, 1841, to Dec. 31, 1842, was,		$925 17
The Secretary has received on notes where policies have been surrendered, expired and otherwise discharged,		$50 39
all which amount to,		$1,729 97
The Secretary has paid for postage and to carriers, the past year,	$10 04	
For blank books, stationary, publishing reports and advertising,	21 90	
Paid interest money borrowed,	100 72	
" John Cate, for damages done by fire,	15 00	
" David and George Dow, for do.	15 00	
" Jonathan Page, for do.	11 00	
" Joseph Ela, for do.	28 56	
" Benj. Winkley, for do.	9 00	
" John George, for services as agent,	15 00	
" James Wilson, for services as agent,	9 00	
" Chapin & Hunt, for do.	1 75	
" Directors for services the past year,	188 24	
" Secretary for do. do.	300 00	
" Secretary for surrendering policies, making records, &c.,	4 00	
" Auditors for services, 1842,	5 00	
" for fuel the past year,	3 00	
All which amount to		737 21
Which sum deduct from 1,729 97 and it leaves in the hands of the Secretary and due from agents,		992 67

We have also examined the account of the Treasurer for the past year, and find he has paid for losses by fire and other demands, including the balance due him Dec. 31, 1841, and the sum allowed for his services as Treasurer, for 1841, the sum of 401 54

He has credited the Company for cash received on assessments and otherwise,	363 68
Leaving a balance due him of	37 86
The Company owe of principal, for money borrowed,	2,944 50
Making the whole amount of debt which the Company owes, exclusive of interest,	2,982 36
To pay which there is due on the first assessment, 194 07	
and on the second assessment, 697 41	
The balance in the hands of the Secretary and due from agents, 992 76	
Making the present resources of the Company,	1,784 24
Which leaves a balance against the Company, (for which there is no provision) admitting all the assessments now due collectable, of	1,098 12
The amount of losses the past year, as adjusted by the Directors, is	263 56

DAVID L. MORRIL, F. N. FISK, } *Auditors.*

Concord, Jan. 3, 1843.

Directors of the Merrimack County Mutual Fire Insurance Company elected, January 3, 1843.—Isaac Hill, Francis N. Fisk, John George, David L. Morrill, Samuel Coffin, Richard Bradley, William Resticaux, of Concord, James Wilson, of Pembroke, and Alexander H. Tilton, of Sandbornton.

Isaac Hill, was re-elected President.

SAMUEL MORRIL, Secretary.

PROSPECTUS OF

THE HEALTH JOURNAL,

AND

Independent Magazine.

Devoted to Universal Christian Philosophy.

Recognizing the tendency of the age to the plenary and universal, this Magazine will aim to discuss faithfully and fearlessly all questions and subjects that concern the great brotherhood of MAN. No subject will be considered too sacred for discussion, provided always this discussion be conducted in the love of TRUTH AND GOOD. It will discuss mooted questions and those which are in public generally unmooted.

The regenerating power of Love, the Pharisaism of the age, the Tyranny of Public Opinion, the right of every Human Being to freedom of Thought and Action, the Divine nature of Marriage, the right of human beings to take the life of Men or animals, the Laws of Health, the Reorganization of Society or the Doctrine of Association and the restoration of all things to the Divine order,—these will be amongst the subjects discussed in the pages of this Journal. It will aim to combine amusement and instruction, and recognize God in all things. Each number will contain a Tale in which Facts and Philosophy will be embodied.

The MAGAZINE will be issued monthly, at Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance. Book and Periodical Agents supplied on reasonable terms.

Published by Joseph A. Whitmarsh, Boston; subscriptions received by JOHN D. NORTON, Concord.

India Rubbers--Repaired

By CHARLES H. SANBORN;

CORNER OF SCHOOL AND STATE STREETS.

Poetry.

PLAINFIELD, Conn., Jan. 21st, 1843.

Brother Rogers: Within is a little Poem I give to the Herald—if it has any virtues in your eyes accept it from

Yours for the human race,
GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

Black Man's Indignation Song.

By E. D. H.

Brothers! we have bowed too long
To the inexorable wrong,
Which hath crushed our race;
Rise we can, and rise we must,
From our grov'ling in the dust
To a nobler place.

Let the Spoiler in his pride,
O'er our prostrate bosoms ride
Iron shod, no more.
Now that Fredom's mighty pulse
Doth our every heart convulse,
With its tide-like power,

Rouse ye! in the name of God,—
Bow no longer to the rod
Shameless and inert;
Rise like men, and stand erect
In unbending self-respect,
And our rights assert.

High, immortal souls are ours,
Clothed in majesty, and powers
That are all divine.
Let them mount from their disgrace,
Upward, to their heavenly place,
Radiantly to shine

Up! if we would burst in twain
Every soul-debasing chain,
We must strike the blow;
Over Ignorance, and Crime,
And the scorn of olden time,
Triumph as we go.

Earth's derision we have borne
'Till our breasts are seared to scorn,
Scoff us ye who may,—
We *will* do what can be done,—
Rise, and gird our manhood on;
God speed forth the day.

We have rights, and by our rights
Trampled on by robber-whites,
We will stand or fall,
Till the fires of Freedom roar
From her altar-piles once more,
Or till night wraps all!

We have wrongs, and by those wrongs,
We will plead with trumpet tongues,
To repel the power,
Which hath stamped the brand of shame
On our guiltless children's name,
From their earliest hour.

By the base *ingratitude*
Which forgets the martyrs-blood
Which our fathers shed,
When around the starry flag
Of oppression's *gilded hag*,
Fearlessly they bled.—

By the hate which tramples now
On the Black Man's bleeding brow,
By the scoffs we bear,—
That we will arise and burst
From our souls the chain accursed,
Solemnly we swear.

Christians, of a Christian land,
Lifting up the dripping hand
Red with human gore,
Clanking in Jehovah's ears
Fetters which yon've bound for years
On the wasted Poor.

What avails your "holy place,"
And the grim and solemn face
Which ye make therein,
While the garnered bolts of fire
Are up-piling high and higher,
To consume for sin!

Vain and impious is your prayer,
Pale blasphemers, while ye dare
For their darker hue,
Coop our little ones and wives,
Whom ye've trampled all their lives—
In your "Negro pew."

Your religion is a lie,
Ay a damning mockery
Of the Holy One;
And your offerings to the Lord,
They are utterly abhorred
For the wrong ye've done.

Fly from all their steepled dens
Where such mockery ascends,
Sable brothers, fly!
Lest when coming wrath shall break,
Ye of all their plagues partake,
And with them ye die.

PLEASANT HEIGHT, 1843.

Communications.

No. 9.

The Sun, Moon and Stars.

There is nothing more plainly foretold in all the Bible, than that the sun, moon and stars should be darkened. The time when, the manner how, and the consequent results, are as obviously declared in prophecy as that darkening itself. To notice all the great merchants of mystery Babylon have said upon this subject in their contradictory theories, would fill volumes; all of which, alas for them all, are destined to pass away and be found no more at all; because the foundation of God standeth sure, and they have no abiding foundation in truth. In this great subject, big with consequences forever to all the ecclesiastical rulers, clerical teachers and theological students, preeminently involved and most deeply concerned, because the professed and the intended lights of the religious or moral world. Let no one be unduly surprised, nor think evil in his heart of him who now asks them as the one *predicted* and included among their servants the prophets, and having the "testimony of Jesus which is the spirit of prophecy," to weigh these communications in the equitable balances of rectified reason and divine truth; and if there be any unrighteousness, want of true judgment, or failure in the opening of these divine books in their only true *spiritual* and of course *eternal* meaning, which is hereby set up and professed, we challenge and charge you, by all that is sacred in the name of God, by all the interest you take in the spiritual good of the human family, and by all your own honor, moral governance and glory as Bible religionists in the world, to publicly appear and show wherein *all* and every part and portion of these communications are not true and faithful sayings. But if not, go learn what this meaneth without delay—"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit of the Holy One, that they may rest from their past labors, and their works shall follow them. Rev. 14: 13. He that hath overcome hath the first dominion. All the promises found in the vision of the Revelation as spoken of to the churches, are for all those who henceforth overcome. Have the goodness to recollect, man, the only visible image and representative of the invisible God that ever was or ever will be, was to be made in *that likeness* and representative image on the *sixth day*, preparatory to the seventh day of spiritual or divine *rest* which shall follow. As the beginning, including the six days of him who, calling things that are not beforehand as though they were, have been the six days of dispensation times, because one day of Him whose days they are, have been each as it were a thousand years, of course the *whole creation*, including the generations of both the heavens and the earth which God created to make, have groaned and travailed together in pain, because wholly and exclusively spoken of intelligent generations as Bible dispensations of times. See Gen. 2: 4; Romans 8: 22.

As this subject will be fully revealed and laid open to the understanding of all, hereafter, as the predicted subject matter of the seventh seal, we may now say, as all the material lights of the planetary heavens were the very same they now are and eternally will be before the dispensation of prophetical times and the moral creation of God through faith began, even so nothing is to be darkened in the planetary heavens, nothing shaken, burned up, pass away, or come to an end, but of man's own *moral creation*, through his own faith, founded upon the falsified word of God itself, as that seven-sealed book which but one could open. Whatever therefore man has morally created to himself by the exercise of all his mental faculties through his own faith, with the subject matter of the Bible in whole or in part in his hands, and the visible universe around him, has been *his own* moral creation. Man, morally understood, must be greater, more worthy of respect and honor, when made in the complete likeness, image and representation of all those invisible perfections comprised in the name God or good, than every thing himself hath so created and believed—forasmuch as all must acknowledge and concede, the former Maker or *Creator* must be greater than that which himself has so *created*. *Man*, yes man himself, is the only living likeness, portraiture and visible image, or representative, or reality of God the Almighty that ever was or ever will be seen or known. The only law that was ever given by angels, which law is only comprehended in the hand of its own Mediator, is the prophetical and apostolic scriptures; therefore all who have these scriptures may know and understand at once who those angels or messengers were—even those by whom the law through their own faith was given. Although the world to come or stone kingdom, following the time of the *Christian* as that did of the *Jewish world*, was not fully comprehended or to them put in subjection; yet they have by the medium of their doctrines, or being so made spirits, have ministered to all who have read or heard them, even to the salvation of all they ever were or mankind ever will be, more than they would have been had those scriptures never been given. 2 Esdras 1: 32, 40. Heb. 1: 7, 14. The word spoken by angels, has been steadfast, having the same stability as the foundation of God, even his own inspired word. Beloved whatever is comprehended is put in subjection and not otherwise. Again if ten thousand times ten thousand representatives of the apostles and prophets through *self-deception*, that deceiver of the whole world, have been transformed into angels of light and officiated as the angels or stars of the nominal churches, who shall stand reproved and condemned? The apostles and saints, Christ and the prophets, could not set the standard of holiness, wisdom, the knowledge of God and power of godliness for leaders, teachers, and lights of the world, lower than they themselves professed. It would be blasphemy even to suppose it possible because it would suppose a superabundance of oil, an unnecessary degree of salvation, and what is that but unrighteousness? It *has been* possible for mankind to have attained all that spirituality and divine science of holy inspiration that prophets possessed, and by their doctrine as the product of their faith to live forever; for the scriptures are neither less nor more than the product of the faith of those by whom they came. Hence upon those doctrinal bodies of witnesses the foundation laid in the beginning, has generation after generation as dispensations built by their speculative faith and scientific wisdom, until the end from the beginning; when lo the books are thus opened as foretold.

Miscellany.

From the True Wesleyan.

Why should we leave a Pro-Slavery Church?

I. We should leave a pro-slavery church, because slavery is a great sin, and because there is no authoritative rule authorizing us to discriminate between this and other great sins, or to make an exception in favor of this sin.

1. That slavery is a great sin we need not prove, for the argument is intended for those only who admit this. We do not pretend that pro-slavery members ought to leave a pro-slavery church, but only anti-slavery members, such as believe slavery to be a sin *under all circumstances*.

2. That there is no authoritative rule authorizing us to discriminate between slavery and other great sins, we need not prove, for if there is such a rule, it can be produced. It will not be pretended, we think, that there is any such rule, but if it be, let it be produced.

3. As slavery is a great sin, and as there is no rule authorizing us to distinguish between this and other great sins, it follows that we are bound to withdraw from the church which sustains slavery, or else, that we are at liberty to belong to a church that sustains any other great sin, or all other great sins.

This conclusion is so plain, that there is no way of escaping it; the objector must therefore produce a rule which authorizes the toleration of this sin in the church, while no other sin can be rightfully tolerated; or admit that we may remain in a church which tolerates other great sins, such as lying, profanity, and theft, for slavery is as bad as any of these; or else take the last alternative, and leave the church which tolerates slavery.

II. By remaining in a slaveholding and slavery—defending church, we lend our influence, to a fearful extent, to the support of slavery.

1. The influence of such church is employed to sustain slavery. This is admitted to be true of the M. E. Church, by all true anti-slavery members, to whom the argument is addressed.

2. The influence of the church is made up of the influence of each individual who belongs to and sustains the church; every member, therefore, that belongs to a church contributes to the extension of its influence.

3. As the influence of a slavery-supporting church, is necessarily expended to sustain slavery, and as each individual, who belongs to, and sustains such church, increases its amount of influence, every one that belongs to and sustains a slavery-defending church lends his influence to the support of slavery.

Should it be objected to this, that by remaining members of a pro-slavery church we may exert a greater influence against slavery, our reply is,

1. It is contrary to common sense, and the philosophy of moral influence. We admit that a degree of influence can be exerted by a member of a pro-slavery church, but, at the same time, his relation to slavery exerts a counterbalancing influence in favor of slavery. The church to which he belongs sustains slavery, and he sustains the church; hence, however strong his opposition may be to slavery, it is not, and cannot be, so strong as his attachment to the church, pro-slavery as it is; hence, the balance of his influence is on the side of slavery. He may proclaim upon the house-top, that slavery is a great crime, that it is man-stealing; but who will feel the influence of what he says, while he belongs to a slave-holding church, and yet would disdain to belong to a church guilty of sustaining the comparatively small crime of sheep-stealing. He will not belong to a church that tolerates sheep-stealing, and yet he belongs to a church that tolerates slavery; whatever his words may be, therefore, his actions declare that slavery is not as bad as sheep-stealing.

2. The idea of belonging to a pro-slavery church, to exert a greater influence against slavery, is contrary to the common practice of men in relation to every other evil. Who would think of remaining in a professed temperance society, made up of one-half persisting drunkards, which society would tolerate drunkenness, with a view to exert a greater influence in favor of temperance? What true convert to Protestantism, would think of remaining in the Roman Church for the purpose of exerting a greater influence against Catholicism? In the anti-masonic excitement, what heart-stirred anti-mason thought of remaining in the lodge to exert a greater influence against masonry? And may we not ask, with equal propriety, what anti-slavery man, who believes that slavery is the greatest evil that exists in the nation, shall continue to belong to a slavery-defending church, after he has got his eyes open, and thereby remain in visible church fellowship with it, for the purpose of exerting a greater influence against it?

III. The Bible requires us to withdraw from all such as openly practice sin of any kind; and slaveholding is admitted to be a great sin. We can only introduce a few of the many texts, with but very brief comments.

Matt. xviii. 17. "Let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican." This is a universal rule, applicable to all offences; and hence, it is applicable to the offence of slave-holding. It absolutely forbids us to remain in church relation to such as are unreformed of crime, after three proper admonitions.

1. Cor. v. 5. "But now I have written unto you, not to keep company, if any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner; with such an one, no not to eat." This text forbids our sustaining church relation to slaveholders in two ways.

1. As a general rule it forbids connection with open sinners of every class, and as slaveholding is a great sin, it forbids communion with slaveholders.

2. There are in the text several terms which specifically describe the sin of slaveholding by its character. *Covetousness* and *extortion* are clearly among the attributes of slavery, and the text forbids us to eat with those who practice these sins. That belonging to the same church with them, implies as much as is meant by eating and keeping company with them, will hardly be denied.

2 Cor. vi. 17 "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you." This text is a general rule commanding us to come out from those who practice any sin or moral uncleanness; and as slavery is one of the greatest sins, and full of all sorts of uncleanness, it commands us to come out from slave-holders.

Eph. v. 2. "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." That slavery is one of the unfruitful works of darkness, will not be denied; and that to belong to the same church with those who practice it, is to have some sort of fellowship with it, cannot be denied; and yet we are commanded to have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness.

2 Thes. iii. 6. "Now we command you, brethren, by the Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly." If slave-holding be disorderly—and no one will dare deny it, who pretends to believe that it is a great sin—then we are absolutely commanded to withdraw ourselves from slaveholders, which cannot be done but by withdrawing from a church which is made up of slaveholders, and those who fellowship them. Verse 14. "If any man obey not our word by this epistle, note that man and have no company with him," Slaveholders do not obey the words of the apostles; if slavery be a great sin, we are therefore commanded to have no company with them.

We will now attempt to reply to the only argument which, as yet, we have seen seriously urged against the conclusion attempted to be sustained by the above reasoning.

It is argued, that if the fact that the church supports slavery lays us under obligation to withdraw from it, then the fact that the civil government supports slavery, lays us under obligation to withdraw from civil society. This argument rests wholly upon the assumption that there is a strict analogy in the origin, nature, and obligations of civil and church relations, than which nothing could be more false.

1. Membership in a church is voluntarily assumed on our part, but civil relations are not; we are born members of civil society. To argue if we are bound to dissolve our relation to the church, therefore we are bound to dissolve our relation to civil society, is to argue that, if we are bound to dissolve a voluntary relation, we must be bound to dissolve an involuntary relation.

2. Men can withdraw from pro-slavery churches when they please; but they cannot withdraw from civil society. A minority can leave a church, if it be a pro-slavery church, when they please; but they cannot withdraw from civil society. A minority can leave a church, if it be pro-slavery, and organize an anti-slavery church; a minority cannot withdraw from civil government and organize another government. Two civil governments cannot exist within the same geographical limits; but two churches may. To come out from the churches to which we belong, if we are dissatisfied with them, and organize a church to suit our views, is no crime; but to attempt to throw off our allegiance to the civil government, and to establish another government, would involve us in the crime and punishment of treason.

3. Civil relations do not imply Christian fellowship, but church relation does. We may go to the same ballot-box with a slaveholder, he to vote for slavery, and we to vote against it, and no one will consider the fact as any evidence that we endorse in any sense his Christian character; but if we both belong to the same church, and both go to the same communion table, it is, and will be, regarded as an evidence that we endorse his conduct and Christian character; so far as they are publicly known. To argue that if we may remain a member of civil society, which *does not* imply Christian fellowship, we may therefore remain a member of a pro-slavery church, which *does imply* Christian fellowship, must appear rather illogical, and the system must be hard pushed that needs to employ such arguments.

It is important to distinguish between the fellowship of the heart, and the external visible signs of such fellowship. We admit that belonging to a church does not necessarily imply the fellowship of the heart towards the members of the church, because the sign may exist without the thing signified, yet church membership, with the duties, rights and privileges it implies, is the external sign and evidence of the true Christian fellowship of the heart towards the members of the body. Taking this view, it is seen that he who belongs to a pro-slavery church, whatever mental reservation he may make of the fellowship of his heart towards slaveholders, he gives the evidence and holds up the visible sign of fellowship, and exerts all the influence of such fellowship, so far as his example goes.

With these remarks we will leave the subject for the present, reminding our readers that we have not exhausted it. We might show, from the peculiar structure and framework of the M. E. Church, that Christian fellowship is necessarily involved in principle in simple membership between every preacher and every member in the connection, but this and other considerations we will leave for another occasion, if occasion shall require more to be said on the subject. L.

From the Philanthropist.

A Domestic Institution.

Chapter Second.

While the various churches thus made themselves participants in the practice of Infanticide, their perceptions of the moral evils in other lands, became wonderfully quickened. They had heard of the cannibalism of some distant islands, and their bowels yearned with compassion. The immolation of widows in India, they grieved over incessantly; and when they heard of the multitudes of the children of Africa who were yearly torn from their homes, and carried into captivity by the European and American world, their missionary zeal rose to its highest pitch. They got up Mission Boards and Committees, and sent out their agents North, South, East and West, to collect funds to humanize the Indians, to convert the people of Europe and America to a better religion. It was beautiful to see a missionary agent, appealing to the deep sympathies of a congregation of infant killers, in behalf of the self-immolating widows of India—until the tender-hearted people were ready to weep tears of blood.

So this republic of infant-murderers soon established missions in the four quarters of the globe; and the various Boards were exceedingly careful to abstain from any censure or disapprobation of the practice of infanticide, lest they might lessen the receipts into the treasury of the Lord.

There was a certain place called Loisantville, a no mean city, just on the confines of the island, where infant killing was daily practiced. As drowning was thought the best mode of destroying life, the good people of the city were eye-witnesses of the custom there being but a narrow channel between them and the islands just mentioned.

In this city, there were some thirty *evangelical* churches, that is, churches which claimed to preach a *pure, spiritual* gospel. In some of them, infant-killers were communicants. All of them, through their respective church organizations, were associated in christian fellowship with the multitudes of christian people at the South who followed the customs of their country. With the exception of two out of these thirty churches, not one was open to the free discussion of the relations of Christianity to the system of infant-murder. In none, except these two, would you hear a word of reprobation of the practice from one years end to another. In but two, was it allowed to hold a monthly concert of prayer for its total extinction. Nine-tenths of the pastors shrunk from the open avowal of opposition to the practice. None, except two, engaged in any active effort against it and these became, on that account, exceedingly unpopular. A large majority of them would not even read notices of meetings to discuss the great evil of infanticide. O, these evangelical churches—how beautifully they illustrated the wisdom of the serpent, and the mercy of the gospel!

The policy of one denomination presented a singular phenomenon. It was opposed on principle to the taking of human life for any reason whatever, and had, in its organization, shut the doors against any, guilty of such an act. But it had grown to be a great sect, and had gradually degenerated under the corrupting influence of popularity. It was, some said, but the shell of what it had been. True, it bore its annual testimony against Infanticide, but, it was so quiet, so unaggressive, so placid; its testimony was so deferential to infant-killers; it so assiduously kept itself aloof from the reformers who had created the excitement respecting the evil, that it had long ceased to exert much influence in favor of its principles. In fact, so agreeable was its policy to the infant-killers, that it not unfrequently was made the subject of eulogium, by some of their leading men. This it was flattered with, as a tribute to its wisdom although the reformers were uncharitable enough to insinuate that the supporters of Infanticide would never compliment the *prudence* of an organization, whose *integrity* they feared. After a yearly meeting in one of the Southern islands, a press which supported Infanticide thus spoke of its *spirit*.

"We learn that it has solemnly enjoined upon Friends, to avoid participation in any of the organized movements in relation to Infanticide; and to persevere in the old *quiet* way, and to "bear testimony" against what they have been taught to believe a social evil, rather by example than precept, or, if by precept, not a step without the requirements of their own discipline, for the purpose. Every one must applaud this "spirit of love" on the part of Friends; and no one can take the pains to look into the views of the meeting here convened, without discovering that nothing is more slanderous than to class the Quaker and reformer together."

To illustrate the policy, which was so acceptable to the infant-killers, we shall quote from an address issued by the Yearly meeting of one of the Northern islands to the Quarterly, Monthly & Preparative meetings, and to Friends individually, belonging to the Yearly meeting.

"We are again concerned," say they, "to warn all dear friends against joining or participating in the excitement and over active zeal of the societies organized for the suppression of infant-killing; & to be careful about the publications against this practice, admitted into their families; as the effect of all those books & papers must be pernicious which have a tendency to set one part of society against another, for Jesus Christ came not to send a sword on earth, but peace, not to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, but harmonize even saint and sinner. Let such beware, who perceive that the excitements of the day are lessening in their estimation, the value of our religious testimonies, or awakening their feelings so much against Infanticide, as to cause them to set light by the restraints of the advice or discipline of our society; and seek quietness and retirement from these things before it be too late.

"Friends are advised to be weighty and deliberate in making appointments, to any of the important stations or committees, in society, so that faithful and trusty Friends, may be chosen, not those who have been over active against the practice of Infanticide, to the disregard of the advices and travail of the body."